

with a few trees upon them dimly seen,
 walling in the
 wildest and most rugged part of the defile,
 where some
 stables offered a shelter, and I was glad to be
 allowed to
 occupy the wood house, a damp excavation in
 the mountain
 side! No words can convey an impression of
 the rough-
 ness of Asia Minor travelling in winter !

It was lonely, for the stable where the
 servants were
 was a short distance off, and the *Jchanji*
 came several
 times to adjure me to keep the bolt of the
 door fastened,
 for his barley was in my keeping, and there
 was a gang
 of robbers on the road ! I fell asleep, however,
 but was
 awakened at midnight by yells, shouts,
 tramlings, and a
 most violent shaking of my very insecure
 door. It was
 the Turkish post, who, being unable to get
 into the stable,
 was trying to bring his tired horses into my
 den for a
 little rest! Fine fellows these Turkish mail
 riders are,
 who carry the weekly mail from Trebizond
 into the
 interior. The post drives two horses loaded
 with the
 mail bags in front of him at a gallop, urging
 them with
 yells and his heavy whip, the *zaptieh* escort
 galloping
 behind, and at this pace they dash up and
 down moun-
 tains and over plains by day and night,
 changing at short
 intervals, and are only behind time in the
 very worst of
 weather.

Snow fell heavily all night, and until late
 in the
 afternoon of the following day, but we started
 soon after
 seven, and plodded steadily along in an
 atmosphere of
 mystery, through intricate defiles, among
 lofty mountains

half-seen, strange sounds half-heard,
vanishing ravines
and momentary glimpses of villages on
heights, fortress-
crowned precipices, suggestive of the days of
Genoese
supremacy, as in the magnificent gorge of
Kala, and
long strings of camels magnified in the snow-
mist, to the
Kala village, with its dashing torrent,
its ,fine walnut
trees, and its immense camel stables, in
and outside of